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BRIAN SWANN

Three Score and Then Some

Panicked, I split. He one way,
I another. I come upon him
huddled in the woods, an echo
repeating no sound, catching
his breath. I pull him to his feet.
Let's go, I say. Look on the
bright side. Miles to go. We
pick up branches and pile them
on each other. We laugh, making
rocks sway, take on shapes
like in the old days. A few more
turns round the field and the sun
shoots up head-high, squawking
and creaking. Everything's flashing,
so we go on, collecting, two birds
hell-bent with rain starting to form
other beings that dovetail ours
with incompletions and fragments
beginning to relax into themselves,
each drop a spark leavening itself
big enough for us to wander through
as if for ever. And there we go,
haunted by ourselves, clearing the air,
floating through windows, limber,
roots wide as ships, on roads that
wander over and through the air
about us, glossy, dethroned, joyful
in our own funeral, split like an atom,
unmapped, bright, companionable and cold.